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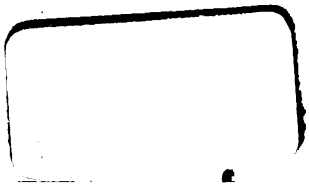

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5533

Yours
Lydia W. Shattuck

[*From her last letter.*]

MEMORIAL

LYDIA [illegible] SHATTUCK

MEMORIAL

OF

LYDIA W. SHATTUCK

BORN JUNE 10, 1822

DIED NOVEMBER 2, 1889

BOSTON

BEACON PRESS: THOMAS TODD, PRINTER

1890

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"And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."

—WHITTIER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By Sarah D. (Locke) Stow.

In "The Memorials of the Shattuck Family" the editor says: "The Shattucks have formed a fair average specimen of the independent yeomanry of New England — that class of men and women who make the foundation strength and energy of the republic, and who can be relied on generally for its peace, stability, and progress, and, in cases of emergency, for its protection and preservation. They have, in the main, been independent thinkers, stable in their opinions, not afraid to express them on any proper occasion, and unwilling to submit to oppression or unreasonable dictation. A large average proportion of them have been professors of religion, and eminently Christian men and women, careful in the performance of all Christian duty."

The family traces its origin to William Shattuck, who was born in England in 1621–22, and whose name appears in an old list of the proprietors of Watertown, Massachusetts, made about 1642.

Lydia White Shattuck — named for her maternal grandmother — was a lineal descendant in the sixth generation from the above named William. She was born June 10, 1822, in East Landaff (now Easton), New Hampshire, on the western side of the Franconia Mountains, in the region of Mount Kinsman and Moosehillock. Her grandfather Shattuck, with others of the family, went to New Hampshire from Eastern Massachusetts, and settled in Landaff, then called Lincoln, in 1798. Her father, Timothy Shattuck, who was a cousin of the

eminent physician George C. Shattuck, of Boston, turned back like Isaac to the country of his fathers for a wife, married, January 28, 1812, Betsey Fletcher, of Acton, Massachusetts, and took her to a farm life among the mountains. Lydia, their fifth child, was the first who lived. William L., the only son, survives his sister, and resides in Wing Road, New Hampshire, a few miles from the place of their birth.

The father, tall, large, with light blue eyes under a massive brow crowned with light hair early turning white, was a man of strong intellect and of deep and firm convictions. He was strict in all religious observances himself, yet would not require his children to adopt either his practices or his opinions. He was often called to visit the sick and dying, and was active in all good works.

The mother — short and somewhat stout; of dark hair, eyes, and complexion; of reticent habits, with a certain fine feeling and a love of the beautiful — often found companionship in nature rather than among the neighbors of their sparsely settled community.

The daughter was like her father in form and features, bright blue eyes and delicate complexion. Her light curling hair turned white with years, but always curled; her pearly teeth kept sound and beautiful as long as she lived. Full of life and strength, the active maiden was an attraction through the neighborhood; and though she never spoke of it, rumor says that she had admirers not a few, who would have been glad to gain her heart and hand.

Drinking in all the influences about her, the young girl remembered her father's words and ways, and imbibed with his sturdy views her mother's feelings and love of nature, often following her half silently through wood and field. She never lost the child's delight with which, on returning from one of these excursions, she sat down to rejoice in her apronful of flowers — all her own.

With her brother she climbed the hills, or wandered up and down the streams that feed the Ammonoosuc. She loved

to watch the fish, but could never bear to have them caught; their struggles gave her too much pain. Twice at least they ascended Mount Kinsman, on whose summit she found to her great surprise the meadow cranberry growing.

In the words of Miss Ellis, her long-time friend: "Nature, the dear old nurse, took her into loving confidence; wandering about in meadow, marsh, and forest, in the valleys and over the hills; delighting in the whisper of the breeze, the notes of insects, the songs of birds, and the ever-varying phases of the vegetable world, she gained a knowledge of flying and creeping things, of green and beautiful growths, far beyond that of most of her own age, and indeed of her own time."

In the shadow of the Franconia range, all her early life, like that of Miss Lyon, and of Miss Fiske among the Berkshire hights, had the elevating and expanding influence of a home among the mountains. What if they hid the eastern sky? She used to say: "I had to turn my face upward to greet the sun, and so perhaps I learned to be always looking up."

She was able and skilled in handiwork, but loved the beautiful more, and would rather be watching the clouds than washing dishes or mending stockings. But if either was to be done, she did it well, and in later years younger fingers seldom excelled hers in fine darning, or in such other needlework as she attempted. She early learned to spin and to knit. Books and papers were scarce in those days, but she availed herself of all that she could obtain, knitting sale-feeting and reading at the same time. She was rapid with her needles, and after her fiftieth birthday she knit a pair of men's socks one day to see whether she could still do it in that time. She was fond of drawing, and at one time allowed herself the time and pleasure of making crayon pictures. A large copy of Miss Lyon's birthplace, given to a friend nearly forty years ago, has always hung in a place of honor, and is valued highly for its double associations. A lover of poetry,

she treasured up and often repeated choice poetic selections, and sometimes gave easy expression to her own thoughts in verse.

She was reared in a religious atmosphere. Her father's house was always open to accommodate the neighborhood prayer and conference meeting, or to welcome the itinerant Methodist preacher for his fortnightly lectures when the old school-house by the mill-stream was unfit for use. Her request for prayers at one of these meetings, some time after she was sixteen, was perhaps a turning-point in her religious experience; but her church membership dates from the age of twenty-five. For the eleven years before her death she was connected with the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Springfield. But though she always preferred the denomination in which she was born and trained, she was so far from being sectarian in her feelings that perhaps not one in a hundred of those in her Bible classes or evening meetings ever knew to what denomination she belonged.

Among her earliest memories was her first day at school. Her father had taken her within sight of the school-house, and then left her for his work. School had begun when she arrived. Taking in her little hand a chip from the woodpile, she timidly rapped with it on the door, her first knock at the door of the temple of learning. To the tall master's question, "What do you want, little girl?" she said, "To go to school;" and he led her to a seat on a low bench by the fire. She early showed a strong mind, was quick to learn, and especially good in arithmetic; she soon mastered what was taught in the common school, and laid good foundations for further education. At the age of fourteen or fifteen she began teaching district schools, and taught eighteen terms before going to South Hadley.

Another family among the early settlers of Landaff was one by the name of Roys. Removing thence to Haverhill, New Hampshire, for the education of her sons, Mrs. Roys invited Miss Shattuck to attend the academy there, which she

did for one term, when about sixteen, studying higher English branches, and perhaps French. In 1845 her friend Rhoda Roys, a Holyoke student in 1842, became the wife of Rev. Almon Benson, of Centre Harbor, New Hampshire. Through Mr. Benson's agency, Miss Shattuck was employed to teach in that place, and remained there through the fall to attend a select school taught by Harriette N. Kingsbury, then a Holyoke student, afterwards a graduate. While there, she decided to go to Mount Holyoke if possible. When the case was referred to her father, he expressed much unwillingness to lose her from home; and yet it was always a sorrow to him that she never married. But he said, "Lydia, I cannot furnish you money, but will give you a hundred acres of wild land." He did more than this; for the lot he gave her in the mountain gorge contained three hundred acres. But there was no sale for it then, and it brought her nothing for many years. Her good friend, Mrs. Benson, said: "I have a little with which you can start; I'll help you all I can." In the winter of 1847 she left teaching to study at Newbury, Vermont, in preparation for the seminary. When she entered in 1848, the requirements of candidates had been made for the first time to include "a good knowledge of Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, and Andrews' Latin Reader." She was twenty-six years old, but was never too old to learn.

Dependent on herself for means, she paid her own way, and a large part of it by extra hours and care in domestic work. Her competence in that department, both to do and to direct others, was shown afterward in her filling the place of matron for several years, in addition to her work in teaching.

The class that entered with her was the last one Miss Lyon lived to receive, and when that beloved teacher was stricken with fatal disease the next March, it was her privilege and her trust to watch with her night after night. A like privilege was not given when her mother died three years afterward. She was unable even to reach home in time for

the funeral. Her mother had taken great satisfaction in her going to the seminary, in her three years of study, and in her graduation with honor in 1851; and was specially comforted to learn that she was engaged to enter at once on the work of teaching there.

That work she never left for another, and though she was repeatedly away months at a time for travel in this or other lands, chiefly in the interests of science, her name has appeared in every annual catalogue since she entered. In 1889, after thirty-eight years in the department of botany, she was made *professor emeritus*, an honor thoroughly deserved.

Botany was not her only subject. For a time she taught algebra and geometry a part of the year, and sometimes physiology and natural philosophy. Astronomy classes saw the heavens through the telescope under her direction. When Miss Bardwell was teaching physics in later years, she says that she obtained more help, in certain lines, from Miss Shattuck, than from any book, or from any other person. But next to botany she delighted most in teaching chemistry, in which department she was a worthy successor of Miss Lyon and Miss Whitman. She used to say that in the winter she liked chemistry best, in the summer, botany. She explored the fields, and could tell where the first arbutus buds would open. She knew what grew in "the dark woods," and all the treasures of "Paradise." To a favored few she whispered the hiding place of the rare and fragrant twin-flower, which she loved both for its own sake, and because it bears the name of Linnæus.

Her interest in all branches of science was remarkable. She read the "testimony of the rocks," and studied their story of the ages, fascinated by geologic changes, past or present. While studying the flora of the Hawaiian Islands in 1887, she left all and took a week's time, and for her a difficult journey, with the uncertain prospect of getting a sight from the steamer's deck of a lava flow from Mauna Loa. "The grand exhibition of volcanic phenomena" which she was so

fortunate as to see, gave her great satisfaction. It was not lessened by the fact that a party which took the same trip two days later saw nothing of the flow.

Miss Bowers tells of one instance when mineralogy won a conquest over botany. In the summer of 1868 a party of seminary teachers and others, on an excursion to the Great Lakes, visited an island in Lake Superior where they hoped to find the fragrant *Aspidium*, rare elsewhere in the United States. But there were chlorastrolites also on the island; and once ashore, Miss Shattuck so eagerly sought out the green star-stones along the beach that others were the first to see the fragrant fern that was filling the air like violets.

Her enthusiasm inspired students and associates. She was full of zeal in laying foundations for better and better work. She gained the respect of professors who came to lecture, and with whose teachings she kept herself abreast. In all directions she reached out for more knowledge. She read current literature and studied authorities; but books often failed to satisfy, for she neither accepted nor rejected opinions merely because others did. Her mind was strong in seeking for facts, and the relations of facts, and as these were successively discovered, her opinions varied accordingly. At first she was strongly opposed to all theories of evolution, but was afterward no less opposed to their wholesale denial, saying characteristically, at one stage in her changing view, "I would rather be a descendant of a good monkey than of a wicked man." She had no fear of any theories that bear the test of facts rightly understood, but wasted no time in trying to reconcile discrepancies not yet proved. Impatient of restraint upon opinion, she refused to think "in traces," either in matters of science or of theology; yet she never wavered in her loving faith. To her the divine word and the divine works together revealed one author — her adorable Father.

The following, from a letter written in 1881 or 1882 to the Alumnæ of the Northwest, in answer to inquiries they had made about the seminary, is too characteristic to be

omitted. It has also a separate value for what it shows of the seminary at that time, though the progress of the last ten years in methods and additional equipments makes it on some points quite out of date:

"After due deliberation I proceed to number and answer your questions.

"1st. Do you refuse to admit new theories founded upon modern discoveries in geology? I reply: Our text-book in geology is Dana. Perhaps he is antiquated, but he still lives, and is used in our colleges. Other authors to whom we send our students are Lyell, Dawson, McCausland, McCosh, Cook, Winchell, La Conte, Gray, St. George Mivart, Duke of Argyle, Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and I might add the names of quite a number of spontaneous-generation writers. Now if your question assumes that we fail to teach our classes that the theories of all these will stand, or even that we ourselves know exactly how the worlds were made, *we plead guilty*. We do strive to make them intelligent on modern theories and established laws, and to discriminate carefully between them. We have upon the walls of our geological and mineralogical recitation room a fresco map of the surface geology of the United States and Territories as known three years ago. It is the best thing of its kind in the country, and occupies the whole east side of the room. We have casts, footprints, etc., occupying more than an entire story in Williston Hall, illustrating the fauna and flora of geologic ages.

"But perhaps your question means to ask whether we have thrown the Bible overboard. I reply: We never did use it as a text-book for science, and we do not now. And yet, if I may give mine opinion, I think the first chapter of Genesis will stand, if man will only use that wonderful measure of duration which divine wisdom put into the very first statement of limitation: 'And there was evening, and there was morning, one day.' The long evening of darkness from the sowing of the spaces of our little solar system with molecules of elemental planetary dust, until God's energy moved them and 'light was'—this was the rule by which to measure duration which had not yet been clipped by the great shears of terrestrial rotation. Does any man know how long that measure was? . . .

"2d. Are examinations oral or written? The entering examinations are mostly written. The escaping ones are oral, or from written questions drawn at random. Our dependence, however, for the status in scholarship, is not on the closing examination, but upon the manifest results of the daily drill in development of power to think clearly and accurately on the subject in hand. We do believe that public, oral examination helps our young ladies to maintain a certain dignity of bearing in circumstances equivalent to 'standing fire,' as soldiers call it. We still believe that our anniversary should show a little of what women can do, and have done, instead of becoming an occasion to hear only what some smart man can say to them.

"3d. Does scholarship determine promotion? I answer: Did it ever do otherwise at Mount Holyoke? Almost none complete the prescribed course in two years; more stay three, most four, some five and some six, the latter usually taking extra instruction in either Latin, Greek, mathematics, literature, history of art, or one or more of the sciences.

"4th. Are graduates of one year made teachers the next? Yes, sometimes. I think there have been three or four such cases in the last decade. There is a certain unifying tendency between teachers and scholars in the arrangement, that we like, when just the right candidate appears; but we must confess that she is a *rara avis*, and so the thing does not often happen.

"Perhaps the import of the question is this: With your system of self-perpetuation, how do you gather new ideas and methods of teaching, or make progress in any line? I answer: Our music, French, German, and often physiology, is taught by those educated elsewhere. Our own teachers have gone from here to study Greek and botany at Harvard; chemistry and mineralogy at Boston and Worcester schools of Technology; mathematics, Greek, and astronomy at Dartmouth.

"Our lecturers the last two years have been: Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton, on physics and astronomy; Professor C. O. Thompson, of Worcester, on chemistry; Mr. Goodyear, of Cooper Institute, on art; Professor Hitchcock, of Dartmouth, on geology—a pretty decided evolutionist he is too; Dr. John Lord, on history;

besides others for single lectures or shorter courses. Joseph Cook has given two courses since he began his Monday lectureship.

"Our library has a fund from which it is able to get some of the recent publications of the best authors yearly.

"We take these magazines of foreign issue: Westminster Review, Edinburgh Review, Quarterly Review, Revue des Deux Mondes, Contemporary Review, Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, Nature, Evangelical Christendom; besides the ordinary magazines and publications of our own land, which I will not stop to enumerate.

"You may remember the very limited time given to the study of literature years ago when *Paradise Lost* was our only text-book. Now we give three months to the study of English literature under a teacher who has given her whole attention to the subject for years, having no other classes. This involves a critical study of numbers of our best English authors. The same length of time is given to ancient literature in the senior year, which means a thorough analysis of the Iliad and of Greek tragedy, with considerable acquaintance with Sanskrit, Roman and old German literature.

"I might speak extensively of our work in the chemical laboratory, where pupils spend months, and sometimes even a year or more, in analysis and experiment; of our enthusiastic zoölogists and their teacher; of our instruction in drawing from models, by one of the pupils of Walter Smith, of Boston. But time would fail me and your patience would be exhausted; so I will close by saying, *Come and see.*"

A passage of a different kind, but equally characteristic, is found in a letter written after a change of rooms unexpectedly and unavoidably caused by repairs in her absence: "The torment of 'things' has been revealed to me in a new light. How do housekeepers live who pull up and clean house twice a year? What disposal do they make of the big things and the little things; the round, square, and triangular things; the thin things and the thick things; the fragile things and the things that long to break them? I oh'd 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' where things could never reach me more! There is a queer kind of feeling in being told, 'Your things

have all been moved.' Then you begin to realize that 'things' are a part of yourself in a kind of mysterious way, and you don't want them scanned too closely. It is much as if you had died and come to life again to see what people were doing with your things. Well, I have gotten the things into 89, but how I am going to keep in my head the new places they must occupy is a grave question. I think some of burning all I cannot hang up, as Bluebeard did his wives. What do you suppose he hung them up for? It surely could not be so that he could find them. Now I will stop my nonsense and tell you the news."

What Miss Shattuck accomplished as a student and teacher of science, with something of what she gained for science and the seminary at the island of Penikese in 1873, at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and in the Hawaiian Islands in 1886–87, will appear in the subjoined sketch by her successor in the department of botany. Mention has been made of her trip to the Great Lakes in 1868. In the summer and fall of 1869 she was traveling in Europe. With a teachers' convention she went from the White Mountains on an excursion to Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay, in 1878; and with Miss Edwards to the exposition at New Orleans in the Christmas vacation of 1884.

After the opening of the Huguenot and neighboring seminaries she was desired — but was not spared from Mount Holyoke — to go to South Africa to study and classify the flora of that region and prepare a botany for their use.

In 1871 Miss Peabody sought her aid, for the summer, in the department of botany at the seminary in Oxford, Ohio. But her stay there was cut short by the burning of the seminary building in April. Most of her wardrobe was destroyed, with many souvenirs of her European trip. She was welcomed back to South Hadley in May.

Wherever she went she found former pupils. Her homeward journey from the Hawaiian Islands in 1887 was marked at San Francisco and at the Western Holyokes by gatherings of

alumnæ that were miniatures of the Jubilee in June. No less pleasing to her was her reception at the seminary, Saturday morning, April 30, at the end of her year's absence. When the promised signal announced the approach of the carriage sent to bring her, the young ladies — dropping book or work or pen — assembled on the front piazzas to sing her a welcome home.

Her love of home and friends was strong and tender. On going from the seminary anniversary to her New Hampshire home in 1857, she wrote of her arrival in these words: "At A——'s I found Nellie, and father came soon after. Together we trod the old familiar paths, rejoicing that we had met again, and soon the dear homestead, with its overshadowing elm, greeted my streaming eyes."

All alumnæ whom she has had the privilege of welcoming back to *alma mater* know the cordiality of her greeting, and understand the feeling of one who writes: "I went back to the seminary, a few months after graduating, with the feeling all graduates must have, that I no longer belonged there. But when I received Miss Shattuck's warm welcome, I felt as much a Holyoke girl again as I had ever been." Those whom she has received with open arms, exclaiming, "*You dear child!*" and those who have heard her fondly earnest way of referring to "*my Anna*" — the friend of forty years who was so long her room-mate — or have been privileged to read the letters she wrote when far away, will testify to the abiding strength of her affection. If her low estimate of herself, and her retiring nature, sometimes retarded an appreciation of her worth, "she was," as Miss Jessup says, "so unselfish, so thoughtful for others, so ardent in her friendships, and so true in all her intercourse with her friends, that to know her was to love her."

While one of the alumnæ writes, "Holyoke has no other graduate who has earned the enviable position which for years has been accorded to Miss Shattuck in the scientific world," others speak as follows:

"She was one of the teachers who left a lifelong influence upon my mind."

"Two things I shall always connect with her memory. One is the warm love she had for us all; the other is the Tuesday evening general recess meeting. She spoke of spiritual things with such earnestness and feeling, we knew that to her they were very real, and of necessity she led us to a firmer faith."

"'Blessed are the pure in heart' has always been a different text to me since she made it so plain that spiritual vision is in proportion to cleanness of heart."

"I shall never forget the impression received one evening in the seminary hall, when she turned our thoughts to the majestic, unchanging power and love of the infinite God; nor her deeply reverent rendering of the hymn beginning,

'Great God, how *infinite* art thou!'

especially the lines,

'While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.'"

"She had vivid conceptions of divine truth, and made it vivid to her listeners. She hated evil in every form, and her vehement disapprobation was sometimes startling in its utterance. Always a lover of beauty in nature, as she advanced in years she was more and more profoundly impressed with the beauty of holiness."

Says one who was associated with her in study and in teaching: "Her character when she entered the seminary was marked with those noble traits that shone in after life. Most of the alumnæ knew her personally — her faithfulness, her conscientious devotion, and somewhat of the good results to the seminary of her untiring labors. You who have labored with her in later years have not been unconscious of the beautiful maturity of that strong nature. When I last saw her I was struck with the softened loveliness of her face and the peaceful tenor of her mind."

That she had defects of character no one knew better than herself. Every strong nature has its weaknesses, and

though hers were comparatively few and slight, it would pain her to be represented as having none.

The seminary journal for 1871 contains the following account of a surprise gathering, and the gift of a gold watch and chain on her fiftieth birthday:

"Monday, the 10th, was one of the most perfect days of June. Miss Shattuck had various plans of her own which we were obliged to persuade her to abandon, and when afternoon recitations were over it became necessary to keep careful guard over her movements and resort to all manner of devices to keep her away from the basement and seminary hall. But after the arrival (unexpected to her) of her old room-mate when a pupil, Mrs. Dr. Paine, of Albany, she was content to stay quietly in her room and visit with her. With great enthusiasm the young ladies decorated the seminary hall with an abundance of ferns, wild flowers, and greenhouse exotics. When we were nearly ready she was told that friends were waiting to see her, and quite against her judgment was required to array herself in her Paris black silk and submit to a wreath of roses upon her brow, already crowned with shining, snow-white hair. She was beautiful that night with a beauty that youth may look forward to and strive for, but must wait long years to obtain. With perfect innocence she remarked that she had long intended to buy herself a gold watch when she reached the age of fifty, but since her losses by the Oxford fire she had supposed she ought not to think of it at present. Lest one so easily moved to tears should be quite overcome by too sudden a surprise, she was told, just before entering the seminary hall, that she might receive a gift in the course of the evening, but that, whatever might happen, she must not cry! She was led past the loaded tables — whose white spreads were bordered with oak leaves from the woods and ornamented with the same dark green under piles of plates and plates of food — and conducted to a chair near the platform and under a canopy of the graceful rhubarb blossoms that she admires so much. Congratulations from all present were followed by a poem written and read by Helen Angell, of last year's class. We have room for only these lines:

"'The patient aloe waits a hundred years
The gorgeous bloom that drains its life away.
Sooner than that thy snowy crown appears,
And thou shalt wear it through the gates of day.

* * * * * *

"'Yet stay with us fifty years longer;
God's glory shall never grow old!
And we for thy presence are stronger;
Thy smile is more precious than gold.
We who remain when the century closes
Will crown thee again with lilies and roses.'

"The watch was then presented by Mr. Bridgman, after a speech combining the playful and earnest with such good effect that, although Miss Shattuck was almost overwhelmed, she found no place for tears during the evening. After refreshments of cake and ice cream, with frequent music by the young ladies, Mr. Bliss, our pastor, led our thoughts in prayer."

Her sixtieth anniversary was observed in a more quiet way. The teachers met informally in her room — the north wing parlor — bringing a profusion of roses and other floral gifts. Perhaps no remembrance pleased her more that day than a bunch of sixty four-leaved clovers gathered for her from the fields by one of her botany girls.

The following picture of Miss Shattuck at the semi-centennial reunion in 1887 was drawn by a graduate of 1858 for her own classmates:

"Dear Miss Shattuck was the presiding genius of all the hostesses to greet us on that memorable occasion. Can you not see her — her sweet dignity of manner, her gracious way of speaking, always with gentleness and thought (for hers were never careless lips), and her wealth of white hair, wavy and silky? She was most becomingly arrayed in summer dress of steel-gray silk with handsome trimmings. A missionary, with whom we were chatting awhile, had in her hand strings of white shells and red beads such as the natives wear. Playfully she threw them around Miss Shattuck's neck, and the effect was so pleasing we teased her, like children, to wear them; and she did for a time, for she liked

to gratify us. She was so grand in her crown of years, this woman of wonderful attainment and childlike humility!"

At this reunion she was asked to address the alumnæ on "The Seminary and Science." Her own identity with the progressive spirit stamped upon the institution by Miss Lyon appears in the following sentences from that address:

"In the very beginning of the seminary, science had a prominent place in its course of study. Botany was in both the first and second years of the three years' course. Chemistry, geology, astronomy, natural philosophy, physiology, and philosophy of natural history had each its appointed place — seven sciences in a course of twenty-three studies. Names have changed since then, and work has broadened; botany and zoölogy have stretched out into the deeper researches of biology. In chemistry, in the early years, Miss Lyon was the enthusiastic teacher and experimenter. That she was a successful one, several now present can testify. In geology she listened eagerly to the testimony of the rocks, and joined a party led by President Hitchcock, of Amherst, on a tour of investigation. At that very time many of his ministerial brethren were branding him as a heretic for his views of the six days of creation. Miss Lyon had none of the spirit of the Brahman who pulverized the microscope because it showed him animal life in his food. She stood calmly by while the opening leaves of the earth's rocky crust revealed ages between the beginning and the first living thing. I have yet to learn that, because of these studies, any of our students have become less reverent toward the Bible, or less confident of the divine love and care. Our non-resident professors give us credit for doing good work in science. One of them recently suggested that in future, as a college, we give a special scientific direction to our pursuits; 'for,' said he, 'there is an earnest spirit of study here favorable to scientific research, and science does not tolerate any half-way work.'

"Since, therefore, the instruction of the seminary has had a scientific trend from the first, without tendency to convert us into agnostics or infidels; since this is a scientific age and we are bound to keep abreast of the times; since every college has its own particular individuality — let us press onward in these lines till we obtain

full recognition among the colleges of New England, claiming the right to confer degrees whenever it can be shown that our pupils have done as much and as good work as other colleges require for the same degrees."

Her closing words were these:

"You will pardon a few words of personal reminiscence and grateful acknowledgment. Some of you will remember our long walks together in search of oxalis and orchids, gold-thread and lady's slippers. Some of you have been lost on mountain and plain in the interests of science. Some of you have made us glad by gifts to the botanic garden and the gift of the greenhouse. From many we have had kind letters and kind wishes and multitudes of helpful words and deeds. The lengthening shadows remind some of us that it is almost time to go home and rest. In that glad morning when the tireless spirit shall be clad in a body as tireless as itself, when our eyes shall see the King in his beauty and we shall behold the land that is very far off, where our Elder Brother shall wrap all who are his own in the vestments of fine linen, pure and white, may we, every one, be found at his right hand!"

For her that glad morning was nearer than we thought. Until about the age of sixty her general health had been very good, but after that her throat and lungs were in so sensitive a state that she was counseled to avoid a temperature lower than summer heat. To do so in this climate involved the great trial of shutting herself within doors for months at a time. Much was hoped from her stay at the Hawaiian Islands, but a cold taken on the return journey lessened or destroyed the benefit received, and her strength continued to fail. Unequal to the vigorous labors of former years, her activities in behalf of the institution increased in other directions. In her last years she made it a rule to obtain as much in gifts for the seminary and college as she received from its treasury for her own salary. For the summer of 1889 she went to relatives in Hartford, Vermont, where she remained till she was taken back to South Hadley, October 17. It

gave her inexpressible comfort to return and to be in her old room again — the one that was Miss Fiske's after her return from Persia. Though extremely feeble from a complication of heart, lung, and kidney difficulties, she expected to survive the winter. But her friends felt that the end was near. All that the best of nursing and medical skill could do continued to be done till she gently passed away, Saturday afternoon, November 2.

Of the next Tuesday, Miss Hooker wrote:

"I wish it had been the privilege of every one of the alumnæ to be with us that November day when we laid away from our sight the peaceful, lifelike, and still impressive face that had always been a benediction. In our sorrow and loss we could not forget that to our Miss Shattuck, who had been all her life opening door after door of mystery to find an utmost veiled, it was now the time of open vision. And so we brought from the greenhouse to parlors and seminary hall our emblems of gladness and triumph; palms, ferns, and flowers, with evergreens and red berries from the woods. A life-size portrait of Miss Shattuck, on an easel in the reception-room, we overhung with autumn leaves; and in the north parlor we built a high corner of green, and filled the windows with chrysanthemums. There was the casket twined from head to foot with ivy from Miss Lyon's grave, and covered with roses that the young ladies brought until the ivy branches caught them falling over the sides to the rug below, while an armful of long-stemmed roses stood against the green background at the casket's head. Alumnæ from Holyoke and vicinity brought beautiful floral tributes, and among them a pillow of fleecy-white Japanese chrysanthemums, veiled with the delicate green of the maiden-hair. It looked like Miss Shattuck, people said.

"The friends, faculty, and students in the seminary hall were seated facing the reception-room, near which were the officiating clergymen — J. L. R. Trask, Luther H. Cone, Dr. Burnham, of Springfield, and Dr. Laurie, of Providence. The college quartette sang 'Rest for the Toiling Hand,' and the twenty-third Psalm was read, with Rev. vii: 9–17. It was especially fitting that the

sermon and prayer were by Dr. Laurie, who was at the same time Miss Shattuck's first seminary pastor and Miss Lyon's last.

"The burial was in the new cemetery toward the west. It had been a chilling, gray day, with a cheerless, moaning wind; but as the long procession left the house the dull blackness lifted, and we went out into a glory of red and gold that we could not shut our hearts against, not even when, one by one, we dropped our roses upon the casket in the evergreen-lined grave and turned home again. The promise had been fulfilled: 'At evening time it shall be light.'"

No tribute more touching was given that day than that which fell upon the casket from the hand of Jane — poor Jane, who brought her rose and threw it in among the first, having made her way, unhindered, into the hollow square about the open grave while Dr. Burnham was reading the burial service.

Miss Shattuck was our one surviving link with Miss Lyon. While she lived the older alumnæ felt a bond drawing them back to their school home. One writes: "There are thousands to whom it will never be the same place without the light of her presence." We cannot say that it is not so. But let all be assured that those remaining in the old home who love the memory of Mary Lyon, bereft of the last connecting tie with her, will prize as never before the visits and the letters of those older Holyoke daughters.

MISS SHATTUCK

AS A STUDENT AND TEACHER OF SCIENCE.

By Henrietta E. Hooker, Ph. D.

It was one evening in 1869 that I had my first glimpse of Miss Shattuck, soon after her return from Europe. We were waiting to take seats at table, in the seminary dining-hall, when an older student next me whispered that the one with the beautiful white hair, whom I had thought a visitor, was Miss Shattuck, and that she knew "just everything about botany." A little later I found myself in Miss Shattuck's class — a half-course class they called us — out of which we came after a few weeks of study with an herbarium of seventy-five spring plants, a list of two hundred analyzed, and some general facts concerning the forms, structures, and relations found in the vegetable world. But more and better than any or all these tangible things, there had come, to some of us at least, a widening of vision, that brought with it a knowledge of our ignorance, and a desire to know. This inspiration was not from books to which we were referred (we had but the Gray's *Manual*), not from diagrams, charts, and models (there were none), and not from the revelations of the microscope, for the day of compound microscopes had not dawned at South Hadley; but they came from Miss Shattuck's own self, and because of what she was. She pointed out to us in the plants we held in our hands the infinite variety and grace in form and shading, and the wonderful adaptations in structure and function; but these things were with her only as means to an end. She knew the words, "Remember that thou magnify His

works that men behold," and the climax of her teaching was in leading us to translate, from these hieroglyphics with which we were dealing, the underlying thought of God.

But Miss Shattuck was more to us than a botanist. She was a naturalist to whom it was easy, in those field excursions on which she led us, to give us charming glimpses of the food for thought and study in the rocks, clouds, and living creatures, which were as much the subjects of her talks as the plants we sought. She taught us also to love the nature-poets and what they said, and some of those quotations by the way, as we botanized on mountain side or field or shore, will always suggest Miss Shattuck. This one especially, from Whittier, she often quoted:

> "And I will trust that He who heeds
> The life that hides in mead and wold,
> Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
> And stains these mosses green and gold,
> Will still, as He hath done, incline
> His gracious care to me and mine;
> Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
> And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!"

Dr. Laurie's words did not seem to me overdrawn when he said, at the burial service: "I do not know, but I have a deep conviction, that more than one mountain-pasture and secluded grove may have witnessed such communion between Christ and her as the bush at Horeb once witnessed between God and Moses."

True, there were times, in class and out, when we were unable to grasp the broad generalizations and fine distinctions of which her disciplined mind was capable; but we felt that if we knew enough to ask questions, she would be an oral reference library to us. And this she has been, especially to her associate teachers, all these later years.

There was never the appearance of parading her knowledge, never of wonder at our ignorance, or of personal conceit in being able to give what was desired; it was as free as

if our own from the first. Even if she were unable to give the definite information asked, there was often in the suggestiveness of her well-directed reply more help than we had sought; for example, when asked for an exact definition of species, she replied, "If you will settle that problem, it will clear up many other questions."

Those who have to do with securing and arranging specimens of any kind will realize how much work is represented in our present cabinets. The collections with which Miss Shattuck began she could hold in her "two hands," as she often said; and now they have outgrown all the space we have for them. The collecting, soliciting, buying, and exchanging all these treasures, even if they came labeled ready to be placed, would be no light undertaking; but when we add to this the fact that a large number of the specimens were unclassified and unknown, there enters into the account a factor in the study, preparation, and cataloguing of them all, that increases the labor almost immeasurably.

First of these in importance is the herbarium of seven thousand plants, well mounted, named and in their places, with almost as many more in packing-boxes, waiting their roll-call when somebody finds the time. Our good alumnæ, scattered to the ends of the earth, have remembered the seminary and Miss Shattuck, and have sent treasures which, in representing so wide a foreign flora, add greatly to the worth of our own, and make a collection of which any institution could but be proud. It was still further enriched by Miss Shattuck's visit to the Hawaiian Islands three years ago, both by the additions she secured, and by the information concerning tropical growths that enabled her to name many plants that had long been awaiting classification. The valuable seed collections secured from the Centennial exhibit in Philadelphia, increased by those representing hundreds of species gathered and labeled by her own hand; the sections of native and foreign woods, prepared under Miss Shattuck's supervision; the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of specimens

of all sorts and from everywhere in the world, on which we are now at work, illustrating the economic uses of plants, as food, medicines, for manufactures, and in the arts — all these have made us wonder at the amount accomplished, even with the patience, painstaking, and energy with which these forty years of service have been filled, and the wonder would be greater to one not understanding Miss Shattuck's methods. If time were lacking, she knew how to clip a bit from one end or the other of vacation, or how not to hear the retiring bell at night. Many such omissions the first compound microscope of the institution, which came not far from 1870, could reveal, when, night after night, alternately studying and throwing herself upon her bed to rest, she worked until the hours grew late. She said to a teacher with her at one of these times, "What would I have thought when a girl, if any one had told me I should some day have the use of such a microscope as this!" She lived to see twenty-six such microscopes in our laboratories.

If Miss Shattuck believed the time had come for some new piece of apparatus in her own or another department, or if some appliance for household comfort seemed indispensable — like steam heating, the elevator, the artesian well — and the trustees shook their heads over the state of our finances and said we must wait, such words were tonic to Miss Shattuck, who became immediately a self-appointed committee of ways and means. It was largely through her decision and perseverance, beginning with a collection taken up at her table one day, that the elevator was introduced in 1880. Her suggestion to the Meriden Cutlery Company in 1875, how they might obtain daily benedictions from a family of three hundred, brought the response from one of the firm: "Corporations have no souls; but inasmuch as my wife was a Holyoke graduate, I would like to secure those benedictions for myself." With the message came three hundred silver knives. Later desiderata were a greenhouse and a botanic garden. The plants of the immediate vicinity, so often shorn

of their glories, were retreating farther and farther, "withdrawing their skirts from us," as she said, which meant loss to the classes thus deprived of the opportunity to watch the behavior of the plants at work; it was also desirable to become familiar with a wider flora and with tropical forms. Then the outgoing mails grew heavier, and Miss Shattuck's excursions to the hills and meadows more frequent. True, the brambles did not turn aside for her, nor she for them, as her garments sometimes testified on her return, nor had the breezes due respect for her snowy hair; and if her steps were a little slower, her breath a bit hurried, and her face more ruddy than usual when she came home, there was never lacking brightness in her eye, or enthusiasm in her voice, as she announced, "Well, I got my pitchers," or "orchids," or "dragons," or whatever the treasures sought. And many a time at evening, after such an excursion (for we had no gardener then), we would see her disappearing with box and trowel over the brow of the hill toward the little plowed spot below, that some choice find might awaken in its new home in the morning. So the botanic garden grew, and when the letters came in, one day, a greenhouse check came with them.

But that we of Mount Holyoke are not alone in appreciating Miss Shattuck's worth and work, the many letters from persons of distinction found among her papers testify. The questions discussed in these letters concerning the deep things of nature, the advice they asked and their thanks for help given, show the estimation in which this simple, unostentatious woman was held in the world of science; and prominent among the signatures is that of one who subscribed himself always, "Your old friend, Asa Gray." Miss Shattuck was a member of various botanical societies; at one time she was president of the Connecticut Valley Botanical Association, and in 1889 was elected a corporate member of the Marine Biological Laboratory of Wood's Holl.

It is interesting to go back from this summit in Miss Shattuck's life over some of the paths by which she climbed,

and to the difficulties that she encountered. The fact that she knew, by their local names and general properties, most of the common plants of her neighborhood before leaving home, illustrates her early tendencies; but it is not strange that one who studied plants in their native haunts, associating them rather with the nooks and crannies and shady dells of the New Hampshire hills than with the pages of books or scientific names, should find difficulty in beginning systematic study, particularly with the artificial keys then in use. In referring to these days, Miss Shattuck never failed to mention with gratitude the encouragement given by one, then her room-mate, now Mrs. Dr. Paine of Albany, from whose stimulating aid she dated her love for botany as a science, in distinction from her lifelong love of flowers. Mrs. Paine speaks with characteristic modesty of her own connection with it, but mentions many proofs of Miss Shattuck's growing enthusiasm. Among them is an account of her coming in one day, when a student, almost beside herself with joy over the floating heart, a water plant which she had seen for the first time, and of which she said, when asked how she secured it, "Oh, I waded for it—with bare feet—there was no other way!"

It was natural that botany should be one of the subjects Miss Shattuck was asked to teach on her return to the seminary after graduation; but it would have been very unusual in those early days had it been the only branch intrusted to her. So it happened that there was scarcely anything in the curriculum that was not at one time or another in her hands. In these days of specialties, such scattering work would not be considered advantageous as a preparation for science teaching. She regretted, truly, for her pupils' sake, the amount of territory she was thus obliged to cover, but, looking upon it as an opportunity for broadening her own vision, she dug as deep as she could, and brought to others what her time would allow. This foundation-laying along so many different lines, with her ability to sift and assimilate the gleanings from the wide reading of her after life, gave her the general informa-

tion and broad culture which every one who talked with her recognized.

Chemistry stood next to botany in Miss Shattuck's affection; her last work was in soliciting funds for the new building in which she hoped to see it established, and she remembered it equally with botany in her will. For all the college departments, however, Miss Shattuck did much by her interest, by her appreciation of work done, and by stimulating and encouraging those in charge to learn about methods in other institutions, and to become best fitted for their work in every possible way. Especially was this the case after her own summer in the school of Professor Agassiz at Penikese in 1873. Perhaps no equal period of her life had as much joy and satisfaction in it, and her enthusiasm concerning it never waned. Beautiful testimonials have come to us from her companions in study of what her presence was there. President Jordan of Indiana University says: "She was to all of us a gentle and delightful presence; she was always serene and helpful and interested. I have a very vivid recollection of first seeing her among a circle of her friends and students on the little tug-boat that took us to Penikese, and of wondering who she was. Afterwards I was introduced to her by Professor Agassiz, and, as a young botanist, was much in her society. To me she seemed to have a good many things in common with Agassiz. She was quiet where he was demonstrative, but she had the same way of looking at the divine in nature, and the same broad views of human life. 'The best friend student ever had,' some one called Agassiz in her presence. She thought it well said, and I thought it might as well be said of her."

SERMON.

By Rev. Thomas Laurie, D.D., of Providence, R. I.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee; the tabernacle of the congregation, and the ark of the testimony, and the mercy seat that is thereupon, and all the furniture of the tabernacle, and the table and his furniture, and the pure candlestick with all his furniture, and the altar of incense, and the altar of burnt offering with all his furniture, and the laver and his foot, and the clothes of service, and the holy garments for Aaron the priest, and the garments of his sons, to minister in the priest's office, and the anointing oil, and sweet incense for the holy place; according to all that I have commanded thee shall they do."—*Exodus xxxi: 1-11.*

If we had been in Egypt while Raamses oppressed the chosen people, we might have expected a leader to be raised to lead Israel out of the house of bondage, according to the promise that had been made to Abraham. It might also have occurred to us that the people would need a more full revelation of the law of God than had yet been made, for their future guidance; and this work of a divine deliverance and divine law-giving we should have called spiritual, and felt that the man who was called to perform it must be filled with the Spirit of God.

We should have had the same feelings respecting the institution of an elaborate system of sacrifice and priestly service, to typify our great High Priest, and his once offering up of himself as the propitiation for the sins of the world. That also we should have said is a spiritual work, and calls for one who is filled with the Spirit. But perhaps most of us would have been ready to rely on such architects, gold-

smiths, lapidaries, and other skilled artisans as could be found in the multitude that came up out of Egypt — that home of architecture and art, of magnificent temples and an imposing ritual.

Still that was not God's plan. He provides the Michael Angelo of that day, calling him by name (Bezaleel) just as he called Moses and Aaron at that time, and Cyrus afterwards. Nor that only; but fills him with the Spirit, as though his work called for the most thoroughly spiritual qualifications, and that not only in wisdom and in understanding and in knowledge, but in all manner of workmanship, to devise elaborate work of intricate pattern and delicate finish. This varied work in gold and silver, in brass and wood, in precious stones and costly garments, required a number of workmen — for one man could not be equally expert in so many things — and therefore God gave to Bezaleel a helpmeet likewise called by name (Aholiab); then, besides both of these, he leaves it on record that he put wisdom in the hearts of such as were wise-hearted, on purpose that they might make all that was required for the tabernacle and for its service.

God did not make the distinction that some do between intellectual labor and the skilled labor of the hands, calling the one spiritual and the other secular, but when both were alike necessary for the advancement of the kingdom, and both were to be rendered by those who loved that kingdom and loved its Lord, he calls them both alike spiritual, the one as truly as the other. And so, we say it reverently, He who is both Creator and Redeemer was as truly spiritual in creating the gold and the silver and the precious stones, as afterwards in giving his life a ransom for many.

This record before us is very instructive, and I refer to it today because some may be disposed to say that this institution was founded to promote the glory of God in the salvation of souls, and not for the promotion of science. What need, then, of so many teachers of science, or of original investigation along the lines of science? We might ask, in reply,

whether, to be devout, one must be one-sided, and whether a many sided knowledge is only for skeptics and unbelievers; but today, in the presence of that once active brain, that silent tongue, and these sightless eyes, we prefer to give a broader answer, one more in accord with the thoughts she thinks today.

What, then, is science? It is the progressive investigation of the principles on which the Lord our Saviour proceeded in the work of creation; or, if you prefer it, the successive discovery of those principles through the careful study of things created.

Take, for example, the science of music. What is it but the searching out of the wonderful properties of, and the harmonies existing between, various sounds, as they have been endowed by the Lord Jesus — the proportions they bear to one another, their correspondencies, the chords of which they are capable, the harmony produced by the accord of simple sounds, and then the multitudinous music produced by the harmonious utterance of complex classes of sounds with a rhythmic movement like the tramp of an army? Who planned all this? Who provided the materials and fitted them to produce these effects? Who ordained the laws according to which these effects take place? Was it not our Lord and our Redeemer? Handel and Haydn discovered many of these laws, Beethoven and Mendelssohn coöperated in the same line of things, and perhaps Sebastian Bach dug deepest of all; but not till we hear the songs of heaven, in which the perfect love of God finds perfect expression, not till we are endowed with organs of hearing harmonies too deep and rich for human ears to appreciate, shall we attain to the knowledge of the perfection of music. That is reserved for the immediate presence of its Creator and ours.

So also I might speak of the records of creation, some of the leaves of which have been found in the valley round about us, with their wonderful inscriptions, and reverently deposited in yonder basement, to rehearse in loving ears what Christ

did before man was formed, and how he laid the foundations of these hills.

But you would not forgive me if today I passed over the science which searches out the laws according to which Christ created the flowers of the field. Not only because our departed friend took such delight in tracing them out, but because *He* also found enjoyment in them, as we learn from his references to them in his teaching while on earth. We can never forget how he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Nor can we forget how many have loved to think of him as the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley.

When Miss Shattuck first gathered the wild flowers in her mountain home, her thoughts may not have gone beyond their beauty and their fragrance, or that, having gathered them, now they belonged to her; and thus she may have merely gratified a taste inherited from her mother. But while engaged in instructing the children of her native town, she felt that she needed Christ to help her to do them good, and she went to him for grace to meet her responsibilities as a teacher of youth, so that they might be blest of him. Thus when she came to this institution she was prepared in all her own studies to serve him, and in her scientific investigations, even in unorganized forms of matter, to search out his most wise arrangements. Especially in her study of plant life, and the laws he had given for its development, she felt that she trod on holy ground, and in the presence of the Author of that life. In tracing out those laws she seemed to follow the footprints of the Lord, and discerned the marks of his wisdom and his love. I do not know, but I have a deep conviction, that more than one mountain-pasture and secluded grove may have witnessed such communion between Christ and her as the bush at Horeb once witnessed between God and Moses.

I know that in the cross we find the great love wherewith Christ has loved us, but we appreciate it better when we have learned how, in ordinary things, he crowns us with loving-kindness; and when we have learned to value the cross, we go back prepared to understand better every manifestation of his love. Some may be impatient of the attention here paid to science, and demand that all thought be concentered exclusively on the cross. "Exclusively on *Christ*," we grant; but Christ is seen in the works of his hands, as well as in redemption. Mary Lyon did not present the gospel with less power because she had been thorough in the class-room, nor was she unfitted for teaching science by her love to the Creator whose footsteps it disclosed. Miss Fiske did not find Nestorian girls less susceptible to the gospel through the drill of the school, nor did they find that love to Christ unfitted them to study. And some here today can testify that Miss Shattuck's interest in science did not lessen the spiritual power of those meetings she used to hold, or detract from the spiritual force of the truths she then set forth in a manner never to be forgotten.

Yea, at this hour it is not unfitting to remember that, much as Christ blesses us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, this does not hinder his upholding all things by the word of his power. What would our closets or our churches be were Christ absent from either? and what would become of the whole frame of nature should he for one moment withdraw his hand? Then it is fitting that this institution, founded to train up our daughters for the service of Christ, should follow the example of the Master, and, while it magnifies the gospel of the grace of God, should rejoice if any of its teachers are leaders, not followers only, searching out those laws which the Lord enacted so long ago, and still administers in the world which he has made. There is no lack of land yet to be possessed. Take, in the science to which Miss Shattuck devoted herself so enthusiastically, the whole subject of the colors of flowers and their relations to

light, and other natural forces. It was the glory of Miss Shattuck that she so thoroughly devoted herself to the discovery of those manifestations of himself that Christ has made in the works of his hands.

I well remember the first time I saw her when a pupil here. She was, I should judge, the oldest in the class, in the twenty-seventh year of her age; but then, as twenty-five years later on the island of Penikese, she was not too old to learn, and as in 1873 Professor Agassiz took special interest in his venerable pupil, conspicuous for her white hair and massive forehead — just as then he recognized in her a congenial spirit, having a devotion to science that claimed kinship with his own — so, in 1848, her intellectual force and enthusiasm impressed all that saw her.*

Immediately on her graduation the pupil that showed such devotion to study, nor that only but at once coöperated intelligently with Mary Lyon while she lived, and watched night after night by her dying bed, was made a teacher in this institution. During all the forty years of her life here she pressed forward in the knowledge of His wondrous works, that she might be better able to serve her Lord, and the large botanical collections in Williston Hall will long remain a monument of her diligence and devotion to her favorite science.

There is an ungodly spirit that magnifies science, and ignores the Lord, without whom there could be no science, though every natural law bears testimony to Him who gave it; and at the other extreme there is a spirit — we cannot call it ungodly, though too often it works in the interest of ungodliness — which makes redemption a shibboleth, and cannot see aught else in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, till thoughtful minds turn away weary of its unvarying monotony. Miss Shattuck neither ignored Christ, nor confined her

* There is a photograph, that gives her face in profile, which at once suggests some portraits of George Washington.

thoughts to one of his acts, however glorious, but sought to look on him as he reveals himself in his Word, and also in the variety and fullness of his works. So, reflecting like a mirror the glory of the Lord, she was changed into the same image from glory to glory. It was thus she attained to her immense influence for good; and God gave her a worthy field for its exercise in bringing her into contact with the thousands of students who went forth from this center of good influences during more than forty years. That was a field of usefulness which any one might covet, and how well she improved it is seen in the estimation in which she was held by those students. They so associated her with their *alma mater* that they could not think of one apart from the other.

She was never principal or associate principal, though such titles have been talked of for her; with characteristic modesty she preferred her old position. Her aim was *to be*, not to seem to be. She sought real excellence, not a reputation for its possession. Her power lay in what she was, and not in the office which she filled. She coveted no honors, and needed nothing extraneous to secure for her the honor that is always given to genuine worth; and yet no one was more disposed than she was to rest wholly on the grace of God, and to feel that all her sufficiency was of him.

A stranger would have picked her out on the seminary platform as one of its most worthy occupants. It was not merely the large physique, or the spacious "dome of thought," or the venerable whiteness of her hair, though the scripture that associates the hoary head with a crown of glory never had a more striking fulfillment. It was no one of these things, nor all combined, but it was the unconscious going forth through all these of the personality within, that made her presence so impressive. On anniversaries the first inquiry of the returning graduate was for Miss Shattuck, and to shake hands with her was to feel once more at home within these walls. It was a spontaneous impulse, both among teachers and trustees, first of all to consult with her about the

introduction of anything new into seminary arrangements. If the seminary is indebted mainly to the benefaction of another for the magnificent hall under the walnut tree, it is to Miss Shattuck, and her scientific enthusiasm, that it owes both the idea and the need of such a structure.

We cannot help noting that she who cared so lovingly for the last hours of Miss Lyon found others equally loving to care for hers, though we may not intrude on the sacred intimacy of so many years, that found its highest privilege in that loving service.

All, and especially the absent ones who read these lines, will like to know that her end was peace. She seemed to dwell on the familiar line,

"Safe into the haven guide,"

and at the very last a smiling look, as on one approaching from a distance, seemed to be the recognition of Him who said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, *I* will come again, and receive you *unto myself*."

If one lesson stamps itself on our hearts today, it is: "Acquaint yourselves with Christ as revealed in his Word and in his works. Devote yourselves to his service, and he will care for all that pertains to your well being in this life, and in the life to come."

"Them that honor me, I will honor."

TRIBUTES.

(*By Rev. J. L. R. Trask, Springfield, November 9, 1889.*)

"It was an honor to be allowed to take part in the funeral services of Miss Shattuck. She was a rare and strong woman, whose very gentleness was strength. Her manner was always sweet and gracious, and therefore of a kind one loves to remember and recall.

"It was peculiarly fitting that she could close her life in the midst of the halls that had been a home to her for so many long and happy years. She has been a loyal friend to the school, and I wish that some building might be named in memory of her."

(*By the Boston Association of Holyoke Alumnæ, November 23, 1889.*)

"*Whereas*, in the providence of God, death has called to her heavenly reward Miss Lydia W. Shattuck, so long our senior professor, thus bereaving us of a very dear friend and the college of a valued instructor, therefore:

"*Resolved*, that to the trustees and faculty of the institution to which for thirty-eight years she so lovingly and cheerfully gave her life, we testify our hearty appreciation of what she was as a true, earnest, and Christian woman; of what she was as a teacher, thorough and progressive, who by her enthusiasm and her devotion to science not only fitted students for advanced work elsewhere, but by her own attainments gained for herself and for the scientific department of the college recognition among the best educators of the land. And we recognize most gratefully her persistent and successful efforts in advancing the material interests of the college."

(*By the same Association, November 23, 1889.*)

"*Resolved*, that we enter earnestly into the effort to raise money for the new scientific building, and desire that it should be called *The Lydia W. Shattuck Hall.*"

(*By Rev. N. G. Clark, D. D., Boston, February 20, 1890.*)

"Allow me to express the great satisfaction with which I hear of the commemorative services on the part of the Boston Alumnæ. Miss Shattuck was fully deserving of this generous and kindly consideration. She commanded the respect of all who knew her in the particular department of science to which she devoted herself, while her Christian spirit was honored by all who had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance. Mount Holyoke will never forget her memory, nor her services to science and the cause of Christ in connection with that institution."

(*By Mrs. L. A. P. New, for the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association for New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity, April 19, 1890.*)

MISS SHATTUCK.

As when some precious seed lies hidden
  Beneath the stones and clay,
It sighs and fears itself unbidden
  To reach the light of day,
And lingers long within the earth
Ere force of Nature gives it birth;

And slow of growth, but strong and surely
  Because of depth of hold,
It reaches prime, and sweet and purely
  Its blossoms turn to gold
Of ripened fruitage, rich and rare,
And crowns with fragrance all the air;

So she, of whom we speak today
  In kindly, loving thought,
From humblest sources made her way,
  A flower unseen, unsought;
But strong in faith that God commanded,
No buried treasure back she handed.

Lived not in vain; on many a mind
  She wrote with lasting trace;
She taught from lowliest flower to find
  The imprint of God's face.
From rocks and stones a lesson read,
And felt ground holy, mortals tread.

A poet, though rarely in words did she rhyme;
  An artist, though modest her brush;
In science a master; she saw the sublime
  In Nature; in the stillness and hush
She put off her shoes, forever adoring
Her God in his works, and his grace imploring.

In the lap of the Nature she loved, she lies;
  Her spirit beholds now His face;
Immanuel's land! with purified eyes
  She sees all its beauty and grace.
Her message comes back from 'neath the green sod,
That Nature and Science, translated, mean God.

(*By J. T. Rothrock, M. D., Professor of Botany, University of Pennsylvania.*)

"I am glad to hear that a printed memorial of the late Miss Lydia W. Shattuck is contemplated. It is desirable not more as due her, than as an encouragement and inspiration to those who follow her.

"I first became acquainted with Miss Shattuck in 1861, and time only serves to confirm the impression produced by that earliest meeting. She was patient, thorough, and keen in her observation; never, so far as I know, leading any one into error by premature statement of supposed facts, or by drawing hasty generalizations from too slender data. Her love of nature was genuine, and without regard to gain accruing from professional knowledge. In a word, hers was a character to profoundly and rightly impress younger minds. Her sympathy was so palpably real that they must have continued to love her, respect her, and be guided by her.

"I never thought of her without admiration of her persistent devotion to her life work, and without being thankful for the privilege of knowing her. I am glad of the opportunity to add my single leaf as a contribution to her crown."

(*By Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, Ph.D., Dartmouth College.*)

"I have known Miss Shattuck from the beginning of her labors at South Hadley; at first when I was a boy, and afterward on terms of greater equality and of friendship. Of her sterling virtues of Christian character, and readiness at all times to be known as a follower of Christ, it is not needful that I should speak; for they are well known.

"I knew her as an uncommonly successful teacher of science, whether it be her favorite botany, chemistry, or astronomy. She succeeded in imparting enthusiasm to her pupils. Part of her success was due to the thorough mastery of her subject herself.

"It was my privilege to enjoy her company in a journey to the Hawaiian Islands in 1886. It was necessary to 'rough it' somewhat in such localities as the Agate Park of Arizona, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and the remoter parts of the Hawaiian Islands, but she always noted whatever was agreeable in our experiences, as if everything were pleasant. While driving through the Agate Park she identified the coniferous character of the petrified logs by very simple observations which the rest of us had overlooked. In the Grand Cañon we saw plants of the Mexican type, such as the Fouquiera, with its spreading, thorny, stubbed branches, and brilliant terminal spike. This of itself, as was said by Professor Asa Gray the year previous, was a sight worth all the trouble and expense of the journey thither. With very few books of reference, Miss Shattuck made out the many species of solanum, of compositæ, of cacti and borages growing in the cañon with a skill and enthusiasm showing herself a master in the science.

"In California she spent some time at Mills College, and in Honolulu was with Miss Spooner at Oahu College. At the Islands we journeyed together to Hilo and to Kauai. She could not endure the fatigue of the horseback journey to the great volcano Kilauea, but was more fortunate than the rest of us, the following February, when she joined the steamer party who witnessed the

magnificent volcanic display at Kahuka, at the base of Mauna Loa. Wherever we went she determined the names of plants brought to her, so far as could be done in the absence of proper manuals.

"Before her return home she went to Maui, to the East Maui Seminary for girls, and also climbed to Olinda, on the flanks of Haleakala. Everywhere she proved herself devoted to the interests of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and persuaded some young ladies to go there for their education.

"The Master will say of her work, 'Well and faithfully done.'"

(*By Professor Charles A. Young, LL.D., of Princeton College.*)

"I esteemed Miss Shattuck very highly, and feel her loss almost as that of a favorite sister. I did not agree with her in all her ways of looking at things, nor in all her judgments of what would be best in the management and development of the institution; but I always found her reasonable, sincere, and disinterested, willing to spend and be spent to the utmost of her ability in carrying out her duty as she saw it. She was one of the most sincere and consistent Christians I have ever known, and she had a winning, unobtrusive manner and a sweetness of temper that made her a delightful companion — qualities that do not always go with a conscientious character, but which, when they do, add wonderful loveliness to it.

"When I first knew her, more than twenty years ago, she was a power in the seminary, full of enthusiasm in her favorite science, and a teacher who was able to make her pupils share her enthusiasm with her.

"Others can speak better than I of her attainments as a botanist and student of natural history. I only know that they were remarkable for the time, and that then there were very few women in the country who could be ranked with her in that respect. She was almost a pioneer in such studies, and enjoyed the friendship and correspondence of Gray and the elder Agassiz. Her influence will long be felt for good, not only at South Hadley, but by all who ever knew her anywhere."

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, May 13, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Stow: On account of my absence, I only received your letter about Miss Shattuck a day or two since. I trust my answer will be in time, for it is a great pleasure for me to bear my testimony to her admirable qualities. I remember Miss Shattuck in our first summer at Penikese, as one who gave character to our little community by her earnestness in work, her trained powers of study and observation, and her high standard in all questions, whether moral or intellectual. She won the respect and affection both of teachers and students, and we looked upon her presence there as a help to us all.

Thanking you for giving me this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of her, I am

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH C. AGASSIZ.

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